

THE

1501/42.

UPPER GALLERY.

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P O E M.

Spectabis Scenas supremâ è parte Theatri.

Dunkin Technethy rambeia.

Inscribed to the Rev. Dr. SWIFT, D.S.P.D.



DUBLIN, Printed.

LONDON, Reprinted, and Sold by J. ROBERTS in
Warwick-Lane. MDCCXXXIII.
(Price Six Pence.)

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M E Q P



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Dedicated to the Rev. Dr. G. White, D. D.

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Midst the noisy Town's tumultuous Scenes,
What rises worthy of Poetic Strains?

Say, Muse, wilt thou the baited Bull rehearse?
Shall the stern Savage bellow in thy Verse?

Or in soft Numbers shall the Milk-Maid shine?
And her Cheek blush for ever in the Line?
Say, shall the Streets with warbled Ballads chime?

Or Thieves, highwau'ring, die in mournful Rhime?
 Shall Flatt'ry guide thy mercenary Quill;
 Lawyers impose no more, nor Doctors kill?
 In Misses make Sincerity be found,
 And Beaux in Principles and Body sound:
 Delightful Themes, reserv'd for future Odes!
 Sing now, O Goddess, those sublime Abodes,
 Where rais'd in graceful Pomp, the jovial Throng
 Sweeten the Intervals of Plays with Song.

THOU, in whose Genius, Sense and Wit unite,
 Form'd to instruct, yet fitted to delight,
 Born thy griev'd Country's Fame and Wealth to raise,
 Crown'd with the Poet's, and the Patriot's Bays,
 To thee, O SWIFT, be these rude Lines addrest;
 They censure mildly, who have written best.

WHEN Ev'ning Clouds condensing fall in Rain,
 And draggled Crowds the cover'd Pent-house gain:
 Tradesmen take in their Goods, expos'd to sale,
 And tuck'd-up Hoops the Maiden Leg reveal:



When Politicians into Shops repair,
 And settle Nations, till the Sky grows clear,
 Then no Walks please: All Nature seems to frown,
 Black Kennels swell, and Coaches shake the Town.
 If one fair *Splendid* in thy Pocket glows,
 Fly to the *Theatre's* instructive Shows;
 There some fam'd Heroe of a distant Age,
 Revives in *Verse*, and pompous awes the Stage;
 Or comic Scenes less solemn Joys dispense,
 Please, to instruct, and laugh us into Sense.

WHILE the spruce Beaus loll thoughtless in their *Chairs*,
 Wrapt in thick Rug we whistle up the *Stairs*.
 So the gay Lark her lofty *Path* explores,
 And Warbles rural *Music*, as she soars.
 Now o'er the Seats in *Ranks* descending, creep,
 Tread cautious, and beware the headlong *Steep*.
 Oft some ill-fated *Nymph*, which careless *Strides*,
 To the Wood's slipp'ry *Verge* her *Foot* misguides,
 Supine she falls, her white *Limbs* lie display'd,
 And shoot a sudden *Lustre* thro' the *Shade*.

Eager to see, the Youths assemble round,
 And the throng'd Galleries with Laughter sound,
 So when a snowy Sheet attracts their Sight,
 The Bees, hoarse-murmuring gather round the White.
 So when the Lamp exalts its kindling Rays,
 The Flies thick-circling buzz around the Blaze.
 In the dim Shade we sit, a doubtful Race,
 Disguis'd each Voice, and cover'd ev'ry Face,
 Hid in the uncock'd Hat's wide spreading Round,
 Or sunk in some old Tie's immense Profound;
 Beneath, thick Coats their friendly Capes expand,
 And the Oak-Cudgel waves in ev'ry Hand.
 So look on the fair *Garland's* pompous Page,
Grubstreet's immortal Toil! some Council sage:
 From the rough Wood the Lines perplex'd arise,
 And each stern Heroe frowns in dim Disguise.
 Nor dare, rash Youth, by Love of Dress misled,
 Cloth'd in thy best Array, our Realms to tread;
 Whene'er some Fopling wou'd our Shade profane
 By the white Ruffle, or the glancing Cane,
 All fly his Touch, and with keen-stinging Jest
 Torment the Wretch, who dares to be well-drest.

Thus when *Æneas* sought the *Stygian Shade*,
 With Gold refulgent, and in Steel array'd,
 Black fled the startled Ghosts, his bright Attire
 Ey'd from afar, and distant murmur'd Ire.

Now fills the Dome: They trim the languid Flames,
 And the snuff'd Tapers call forth all their Beams;
 Wedg'd eager in Front-seats they throng, they squeeze,
 And Fans, soft-waving, shed a gentle Breeze:
 Pit, Boxes, Gall'ry shine with blended Rows,
 Ladies, and Bawds, and Cits, and Rakes, and Beans;
 'Tis smiling, curt'sying all. The Fiddles rise,
 The wing'd Notes thicken, and the Music flies.
 When *Orpheus* taught his tuneful Lyre to sound,
 Thus Stones, Trees, *Bacchanals* came dancing round.
 Love, ever *Dulness's* most favour'd Theme,
 Now burns the Fops with metaphorick Flame;
 They woo the Fair with Fustian and Grimace,
 Attack with Nonsense, and subdue with Lace.
 Women, like Magpies, full of Pride and Noise,
 Stalk charr'ring round, and follow glitt'ring Toys;

Pleas'd with some shining Trifle, haste away,
 Spread their gay Plumes, and hoard the Tinsel-Prey.
 Some thoughtless Hearts, deceitful Nymphs ensnare
 With Pomp of Drefs, and Gayety of Air.
 So, heedless of the Net, the Lark's betray'd,
 Charm'd by the Glass, that sparkles in the Mead.

SECURE from high we view th' amusing Scene,
 Survey their Follies, and foresee their Pain.
 Thus Mountain-Tops untroubled Quiet know,
 While Tempests roar, and Lightnings flash below.
 Pleas'd we elude the ling'ring Lapse of Day,
 With jocund Catch, or am'rous Roundelay;
 Our Tastes their throng'd Hesperian Notes confound,
 Lost in a trackless Labyrinth of Sound;
 Gay native Tunes assert our worthier Choice,
 And the Black Joke resounds from ev'ry Voice.
 Our thick Hibernian Drab, at Midnight Hours,
 Repels benumbing Frosts, and driving Showrs,
 Whilst those, who would sublimer Tasts express,
 Shine in a useless and a foreign Dress.

Behold that radiant Circle of the Fair,
 How the Pit brightens with a ruddy Glare!
 Pernicious Pride! a publick Curse they shine,
 Hence Trade's depress'd, and starving Artists pine:
 " Each from our Battlements leans down his Head,
 " And then turns pale to see them look so red.

A NOISY Sex, to Talking ever prone,
 So fond of Nonsense, they love e'en their own!
 Fame had an hundred Tongues, old Poets say,
 An hundred Eyes enlarr'd her wide Survey;
 One could have told, had she a Woman been,
 All that those hundred Eyes cou'd e'er have seen.

THE Play begins, now hush'd be ev'ry Sound,
 Hush'd the Discourse of e'en that *Female Round*.
 Now in fictitious Scenes our Minds engage;
 Mourn with MONIMIA, or with HAMLET rage!
 Thee, * BRUTUS, chief my ravish'd Soul admires,
 Each Word transports me, and each Action fires;

* In the Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

Thy Death, great Patriot, still survives in Fame,
 The noblest Drama, as the greatest Theme.
 Now CONGREVE charms us with less pompous Lines,
 Art join'd with Nature, Wit with Humour shines ;
 Whether grave Sense, or mirthful Scenes he writes, most
 His Sense instructs us, and his Mirth delights.

YE Fops to Looking-Glasses near akin,
 Brittle without, and Mercury within,
 Be it your Study in gay Dress to glane,
 What Beau e'er thought the Mind deserv'd his Care ?
 All vile within : Thus fordid Insects swell
 In the bright Concave of a painted Shell,
 When secret Pains molest, affect the Spleen,
 And force a Smile—to let your Teeth be seen :
 But judge not Plays. 'Tis yours in Toys to shine,
 In Trifles learn'd, in Women, and in Wine ;
 Affect not Sense : When you wou'd pass for wise
 You mean some Cheat ; Sense is your best Disguise.

E'EN in those radiant Nymphs, however fair,
 When nicely view'd, unnumber'd Stains appear :

So Planets shine from far, but thro' the Glass
 Enlarg'd, appear a rough opacous Mass.
 Yet some there are, in whom all Charms unite,
 Dear to the Soul, and lovely to the Sight.
 Her grant me, FATE, in whom these Virtues meet,
 With Knowledge humble, and with Wit discreet;
 Whose Wisdom can instruct, and Beauty please;
 Yet let her Beauty be her meanest Praise;
 Whose Virtue ne'er is Pride, Sense Pedantry,
 Silence ill-nature, or talk Calumny.
 Blush not, my *Cælia*, at this Draught divine,
 You only know not, that this Draught is thine.

HIGH we preside, to give the Play-House Laws,
 And call forth all the Tempest of Applause:
 Thus infant Thunders mutter first on high,
 A low, deep Murmur rattles thro' the Sky,
 Till by Degrees the swelling Sounds descend,
 And Heav'n and Earth in the loud Tumult blend.
 Nor shalt thou, fam'd * Trunk-Maker pass untold,
 In Judgment just, and in thy Praises bold.

* See the Spectator.

Thy Oaken Staff, bade latent Merit shine,
 The awful Stroke gave Sanction to the Line.
 The Rod of HERMES, ancient Tales recite,
 Cou'd in soft Slumbers seal the swimming Sight;
 Thine tasteless Hearers could attentive keep,
 And teach the drowsy Audience not to sleep.
 We, while thy great Example's still in view,
 Tho' with inferior Taste, thy Steps pursue;
 Oft' our Applause has found the Gall'ry fail,
 And the torn Wainscot rattled with our Zeal:
 We bid the Recompence of Wit go round,
 And teach the doubtful Clappings where to sound:
 From us deriv'd, like Warmth the rest employs,
 And Hands colliding propagate the Noise.
 So where responsive Echoes circling spread
 Near the tall Dome, or Mountain's rising Head,
 With Caves indented, and with Rocks embosst,
 From Side to Side the rolling Voice is tost,
 Note answers Note, unnumber'd Sounds pursue,
 Unreal Sounds, but Images of true.

BUT

BUT now the Curtain falls, the Musick flies,
 From their throng'd Seats the yawning Audience rise,
 Whilst with slow Speed the rushing Crowds descend,
 The Stairs sound hollow, and the Gall'rys bend.
 Me guard, O MUSE propitious, thro' the Throng,
 Now half o'erthrown, now lofty heav'd along:
 The Boards here meet my Head with rude Salute,
 There trampled Toes with piercing Tortures shoot.
 Thus *Satan*, in the Realms unknown to Day,
 Thro' the vast Chaos urg'd his various Way;
 Now heav'd sublime, now plung'd in endless Deeps,
 He flies, or swims, or wades, or sinks, or creeps.

NOR, *Phillis*, shall thy Fall remain unsung,
 By Art made fair, and spite of Nature young;
 Thy Pencil could command each lovely Grace,
 And ev'ry Charm transplant into thy Face.
 Ah fruitless Skill! See! headlong fall's the Maid,
 Half her Face sparkling in the Dust is laid.
 How did the fair One fret expos'd to view,
 One Cheek all pale, one ting'd with Crimson Hue:

Thus

Thus I no look'd half-chang'd, a doubtful Sight,
Mortal no more, nor yet a Goddess quite;
One paler Cheek the ling'ring Mortal show'd,
While one with Heavenly Bloom divinely glow'd.

THE Beaus and Fair last quit the thinn'd Abode,
(The brawny Chairman pants beneath his Load)
Gay Creatures, proud of Dress and transient Bloom,
The light Things flutter round, and gild the Gloom.
So where the Sew'r's thro' broken Channels glide,
And stagnant Filth coagulates the Tide,
Lur'd by the Stench unnumber'd Flies resort,
And wanton circling, mix in various Sport;
From Side to Side the humming Insects run,
Wave their gilt wings, and glitter in the Sun.

BUT where shall hungry Bard for Refuge fly
From Paths nocturnal, and a wintry Sky?
Aghast I feel the Chairman's Pole behind,
And dread loud Coaches in each rustling Wind!
Thro' my rent Coat the chilling Tempests blow,
And gaping Shoes admit the Tide below!

Thus

Thus numb'd by Frosts, or drench'd in soaking Rain,
 Oft' I explore my empty Purse in vain,
 Alas! no Sixpence rises to my Hand,
 Whose magick Force cou'd flying Cars command.
 At length, I come where 'mid th' admiring Round,
 In Verse alternate, warbled Ballads sound,
 Ballads my self had fram'd with wond'rous Art,
 To gain a Supper, or a Milk-Maids Heart!
 I with the Croud, the tuneful Sounds pursue,
 What won't the Love of Fame and Musick do?
 Now the arch Strippling from some neighb'ring Stand,
 Hurles Flames malignant from his lifted Hand;
 Whizzing they fly; the Croud aghast retires
 From the dread Squib, and future-spreading Fires.
 It bounces, bursts, and in a Flash is lost,
 From Side to Side the reeling Crouds are tost;
 Now heav'd on high, now trampled under Feet,
 And Poets roll with Coblers in the Street.
 So when, as MILTON has sublimely fung,
 With Civil Wars Heav'n's Starry Concave rung,

The

The Rebel Hosts their hollow Tubes display,
 Loud Thunders roar, and Smoke obscures the Day,
 Ruin and wild Confusion fill the Sky,
 And Angels rolling on Archangels lie.



F I N I S.



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